

# Good Morning

S11

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Before  
the  
reaper  
comes

Allied Nations No. 4—continued

## WHO ARE THE RUSSIANS?

IN Tsarist Russia 167 million acres of fertile soil were in the hands of 28,000 big landowners, while ten million peasant families owned only 197 million acres of land, much of it very poor soil.

Thirty per cent. of the peasants had no horses, 34 per cent. had no implements of any kind and 15 per cent. had no land at all to sow.

For the use of a horse, plough or an extra patch of land the peasant had to apply to the landowner or the kulak, and to money-lenders.

The Soviet Government, however, decided that primitive and laborious methods of cultivation in small detached peasant farms could never bring good harvests. The only way out was large-scale farming and mechanisation.

The peasantry were, therefore, called upon to combine their small holdings into collective farms. The poor peasantry were the first to respond, and the State supplied them as far as possible with machines, implements and seeds.

The results led the middle peasants to join the collective farms, and to-day collectivisation may be fairly said to have triumphed.

Socialisation applies only to the land and the means of production — horses, implements and machines. Cattle sheds, stables and other farm structures, clubs and the various subsidiary establishments are public property and used collectively.

The family house, personal belongings, domestic animals and poultry remain the property of the respective collective farmers, who also have plots for their own personal use, in which they are free to grow vegetables and fruit, or whatever they like.

### A typical farm

Take a typical collective farm.

The members are divided into groups or brigades. Often the brigades are subdivided into teams.

Each brigade, under its leader, works in a particular department of the farm as the management directs—in the fields, the market garden, the orchard or the stock farm, as the case may be.

For each type of work a certain standard of performance is fixed which the collective farmer can fulfil in a day's work without any

strain. This counts as a "work-day unit."

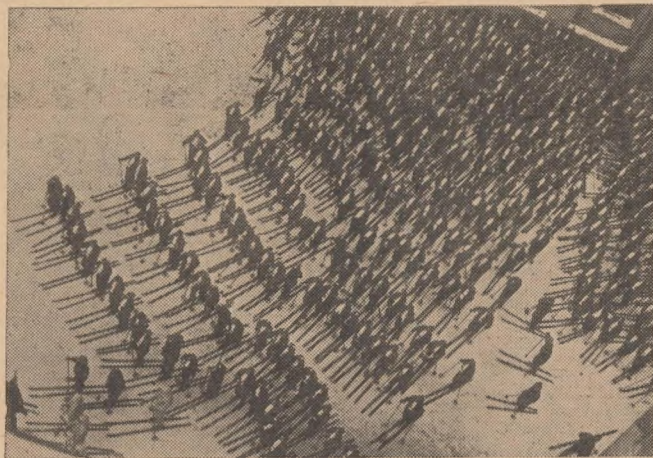
Many farmers, by rationalising their methods of work, earn two or three units a day. Each collective farmer is given an advance in money or in kind before the final settlement.

In this farm eleven of the peasants have graduated from technical colleges, twelve more are studying in institutes and training schools. All children of age go to school. Scientific methods of agriculture are studied.

village Soviets. Not less than 50,000 women work as tractor drivers and harvester-combine operators.

### Importance of sport

Physical culture in the Soviet Union is a matter of importance to the State. Under the auspices of the Government there is a special committee whose function it is to develop physical culture and sport. This committee directs the activities of the numerous sports societies in the country.



Winter sports parade in Leningrad. A pupils' column on skis before the parade on the Urilski Square.

### Citizens' rights

The right of citizens to education is written in the constitution. Universal elementary education for children is compulsory; and every child who has been through elementary school has the opportunity to continue his or her education at a secondary school in the same locality. A large percentage of these latter enter the institutes of higher education and technical colleges.

There are some 15,000 clinics in the countryside, and about 23,000 medical stations.

Women have been emancipated. Women collective farmers earn work-day units in their own right and are dependent upon no man for their keep.

Tens of thousands are working as brigade leaders, as chairmen of collective farms and

Over ten million people are organised in sports societies, sports clubs and kindred bodies. Twenty million school children engage in various sports in specially equipped gymnasiums and playgrounds. The sports societies concentrate mainly on all-round physical development.

All members must undergo a course of athletic tests to qualify for the "Labour and Defence" badge. On January 1, 1939, there were 5,815,000 holders of the first degree badge, and 71,000 of the second degree. Even middle-aged people hold these badges; and over a million school-children passed the juvenile test.

The State has created the material basis for a wide development of sports over the whole country. There are now 650 large stadiums, 7,200 sports grounds, 100 physical culture clubs, 350 aquatic sports stations, and 2,700 ski-ing clubs.

All sports clubs are open to any citizen of the U.S.S.R., and by payment of a small membership fee all the necessary equipment is provided.

There are special instructors and trainers and doctors on the premises to maintain constant medical observation. Six colleges and twenty-five schools train specialists in physical culture. Tuition is free and students receive a regular monthly allowance, and are provided with living quarters.

All varieties of sport are cultivated, and soccer is played by hundreds of thousands. Shooting is a sport that is highly developed.

The Soviet Government has established a "Sportsman of Merit" title, which is awarded for sporting feats and long records of activity in the sports movement. There are now a hundred holders of this title.



When he was a boy of ten, Arthur Moore helped to make his first scythe. At the age of 70 he was still carrying on his work as an expert craftsman of these ancient tools. There are some interesting pictures of this old art on Page 4.

## Beneath the Surface

With  
AL MALE

SO many people are shouting their heads off about the emancipation of women, that I think it is about time a word was said about the emancipation of men.

Talking to a colleague, W. H. Miller, on his favourite subject of boxing, I casually asked what had happened to that black-bomber, Sam Langford.

He informed me that Langford is blind and destitute, and reported to be a sullen shoe-black in Chicago... mainly through the fact that the moment he legally made over the whole of his fortune to his white wife, she deserted him, taking with her every cent Sam had earned during his hard-fighting career.

I needn't have gone so far afield for an example, the same thing is happening right on the doorstep, and all because, to my mind, mere man has placed his womenfolk on a pedestal, gone all out to convince her that she is super—in fact, insisted on saying it, until she has been positively forced to agree.

### On the pedestal

Then, of course, she has decided to behave like the super person she has been convinced she is... you can't blame her... you and I asked for it... and before long we cry out, but the noose is already tightening, and we know we are lost.

In fact, we put them on a pedestal, then wonder why they look down on us... funny, isn't it... or isn't it?

Seems to me we want a spot of common sense, and less emancipation of either sex.

Neither sex has the monopoly of the virtues, and because things have reached such a sorry state that even being decent and considerate is regarded as phenomenal, we want to get back to the idea that being indecent and inconsiderate is plain lousy, and that's that, sort of thing.

Some men treat their wives like slaves, and that's the only "treat" they ever get; and some women regard their husbands as boarders, open to be charged prohibitive prices for everything... Yes, everything.

Definitely, the emancipation stuff wants a real share-out. Women want adequate reward for the drudgery some of them have to endure. They want recognition as human beings doing jobs which men could not possibly do, and would not do if they could.

Men... sensible men... want a spot of appreciation... decent companionship, and a sharing of all the benefits their labours bring along, with the person who has encouraged them and kept her end up in the process.

### If women ruled

Frankly, of course, many women could make as good a job of this world as we men claim to have done.

We've succeeded in getting into a sorry mess.

No woman could possibly have brought us into greater disaster than we find ourselves at this very moment.

So perhaps we'd better let the women rip with the emancipation and reverse things socially.

Come on, chaps... let's go. Imagine the war is over and women have the reins.

After having reluctantly cooked breakfast for my wife, pecked her "Good-bye" for the day, I retire to bed with the papers and real cup of tea, pick

up the bedside 'phone and carry on something like this.

"Hello, Bill, old thing—how's tricks?"

"Easy, old chap, I told her I simply looked a sight in this rig... she thought Harrops a bit stiff, but I insisted I couldn't run around with her in my old rags."

"Ten guineas, old boy... a stunning model... you must come with me... I'm positively a wreck after shopping, and anyway a drink will do us both good."

"Yes... we'll coffee at Simpson's... shop a bit, lunch at Oddy's, then do a flick if you feel like it... wizard, old boy... simply wizard."

"Oh, back about seven... what's the hurry. Ethel and Ann seem to be busy at the office, we might just as well make whoopee... what... yes... bring 'em along, make a foursome, of course."

"Bye, bye, old top... see you about ten-thirty... outside Simpson's. Goodbye, goodbye."

Emancipation of women... boy, or boy... lead me to it. Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

## THEY SAY—DO YOU AGREE?

### WOMEN'S COUNSEL.

THE Government needs women's advice and counsel. Women will have to think of the kind of world they are going to set up after the war. They will have to deal with such problems as what are the chances of the children going to be; what sort of education they can get; and how they are going to secure for all freedom from want and freedom from worry.

Mr. Attlee, M.P.

### RELIGION IN CHINA.

WE Chinese people have never taken religion seriously in the sense in which you (Westerners) speak of it. The Chinese have had persecutions and massacres for other reasons, but never a religious persecution or a religious massacre.

S. I. Hsiung  
(Author, "Lady Precious Stream").

### WOMEN WORKERS.

IT is impossible for a woman to bring up a family and simultaneously hold a full-time professional job, especially if it is of a responsible administrative nature... No more than part-time or temporary work is possible while the children are still young.

C. J. Lawrence  
(London, E.C.2).

### PLANNED LEISURE.

THE greatest of all evils is aimless and motiveless leisure. Unplanned, dissipated leisure can destroy all social reform and economic progress. In a few years, leisure will occupy most of the people's time, and a Ministry of Culture and Recreation will be imperative.

T. O'Brien  
(Gen. Sec., Nat. Assn. Theatrical and Cinematograph Employees).

### AFTER VICTORY.

VICTORY will have profited us little if material progress is not accompanied by a better sense of how to use it for the good of humanity.

H. J. Braunholtz  
(Pres., Royal Anthropological Inst.).

### CHEAP FARMING.

EVERYONE is agreed that the manner in which the land is farmed is a national responsibility. But does it occur to everyone that the cheapest agricultural commodity in the world, if it is produced under systems of bad farming, leading to erosion or land wastage, has an entirely false value if you do not charge against it any depreciation of the land?

John Green  
(Broadcaster and Farmer).



Students A. Sidorina and I. Zailseva in the microbiological laboratory of the 3rd Medical Institute.



# SUNDAY FARE

## Talking of Hobbies

### ODD CORNER

HOUSEHOLD salvage in Germany is proceeding at an average rate of 7½ lb. per person per year, according to Nazi reports. In Great Britain the rate is about 75 lb.—ten times as much. Since the beginning of the war, every household in Great Britain has contributed one-third of a ton of salvage!

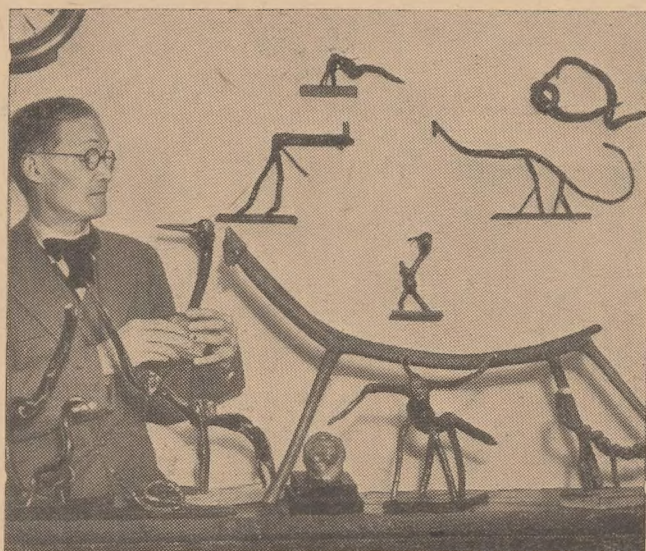
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The G.P.O. prints about 20,000,000 postage stamps every day, and the fragments punched out of the perforations are returned for salvage. They amount to 40 tons of "pin-hole confetti" per year, and provide sufficient pulp to supply the Army with 60 containers for 6-pounder shells every day.

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The Russians have prepared a substitute rubber from the milky juice of the Koksagyz dandelion, which grows in Central Asia. Seeds have been sent to Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India, for further experiments.

### Twig Creatures



So far, Alan the inn-keeper hasn't got beyond the twig stage. Surprising what he can do with odd bits of wood by varnishing them and giving them buttons for eyes. He puts them behind the bar, and people who go into the pub are never sure whether it's them or it.

## Adaptation is the Secret of many a hobbyist

Animals from Tree Trunks

WHENEVER creative man finds time to kill and material ready to his hand, his inventive instincts usually produce a pastime which sometimes becomes a hobby.

Often the material to hand has been only that provided by Nature, but the wandering eye and working brain of man has seen a ready means of adaptation—a way of changing the handiwork of Nature, sometimes very slightly, until it represents something intelligible to himself and his fellow men.

#### A UNIVERSAL MATERIAL.

Wood, whether it is growing or has been manufactured, has always been the readiest material to inspire this adaptation. Give a boy a penknife and turn him loose in a wood, and he is almost bound to give a most fundamental lesson in self-amusement by carving his initials on a tree, cutting and sharpening an arrow, or whittling a stick to look like something.

From the raw tree-trunk many things have been fashioned, from primitive boats to log cabins and the furniture they contained. The adapta-



Harry the carpenter (centre) never gets tired of turning logs and tree boughs into queer-looking beasts and things. The deer thing (left) has got a wooden leg all right. The moke (right) looks as if he's fed up with the bloke (top) and means to stay there for keeps.

tion of the tree seems endless, but surely no more unusual hobby has ever been inspired by it than that of Harry the carpenter, illustrated on this page. His rough-hewn animals are already partially shaped by Nature.

#### CREATURES FROM ROOTS.

The strange creatures produced by Alan Stainer are mostly from curiously shaped roots, and the whole idea of Mr. Stainer's hobby is to alter them as little as possible.

If you are ever near the Bell Inn, East Molesey (near Hampton Court), you can inspect Mr. Stainer's collection

for yourself, and you will find he has adhered faithfully to his rule.

#### A METHOD WITH MATCHES.

Readers who remember our match-stalk modelling features on this page will be interested in this further use for matches shown in the accompanying illustration. It is an ingenious adaptation of an otherwise useless thing—a used match.

Have you any ideas about adapting such simple, common things to useful or amusing ends? Write and tell us if you have.

E. G. S.

## The Man who did everything

Leonardo da Vinci was Painter, Sculptor, Military Expert, Prophet and Scientist.

By JAMES JUSTIN

IF Leonardo da Vinci, painter of the famous picture of "The Last Supper," were alive to-day, he would be my first choice in any team for a world "Brains Trust." Most people remember da Vinci as a painter of pictures which have become "Old Masters," but he was the greatest "all-rounder" of his age, probably the greatest all-rounder of any age. It is difficult to think of any subject which did not interest him, and he showed his genius in a dozen different directions.

One of the world's greatest painters, he was also the best scientist of his age, a master of military strategy, a sculptor, one of the first aeronauts, the first physiologist to study the human body by dissection, a town planner, an astronomer, an architect, and an engineer!



Leonardo da Vinci, Italian painter, sculptor, inventor, town-planner, and all-round genius.

The astonishing thing is that he was not just an "amateur" in these many branches of learning, but showed genius, and was in many cases centuries ahead of his time. Many of the weapons being used in modern war would not in the least surprise da Vinci if he returned to earth. He described them centuries ago!

#### THE VISIONARY.

Poison gas and shrapnel were both described by da Vinci. The tank would have no surprise for him, for although he did not even have a steam engine, much less an internal combustion engine and caterpillar tracks, he described a passable tank. He was the first man to conduct really practical research on aeronautics. According to modern experts, if da Vinci had had petrol he might have beaten the Wright brothers by three centuries. As it is, reconstruction of the machine he built suggests it might have flown successfully. It was crashed on a first flight by a pupil who had no master or "dual control" to teach him flying. Da Vinci had so many other inventions going that he did not trouble to build another.

#### MECHANICAL GENIUS.

His mechanical genius was astonishing. For instance, he invented the pedal device which drives the modern bicycle. The first cycles of the last century were driven by levers worked by hand. Only when these were found impossibly clumsy did the inventors "re-invent" da Vinci's device. He invented the paddle-wheel as part of the solution of the problem of bridging rivers for military action. He was military engineer to the infamous Cesare Borgia, and devised, amongst other things, a cannon worked by steam. As a weapon it was a failure, but as an anticipation of the steam engine it was complete.

Da Vinci's town-planning activities followed a plague which swept Milan in 1485. He realised that a new town with more spacious streets and better houses was required, and drew plans which were centuries ahead of his time. Reactionary forces prevented the plan being put into complete



When he says "Got a match, pal?" he doesn't mind if it won't light. He prefers them dead. He makes all kinds of things with them, from a portrait of Winston to a true-to-scale bungalow. He gets the shading by putting the burnt ends outward. He is just putting in the last match to make a picture of his life's match—the missus. It took 7,000 matches and six months. Must have been a labour of love.

execution, and only a few streets were "town planned."

The study of optics led to da Vinci devising an astronomical telescope, his study of mechanics to the invention of innumerable devices from a mincing machine to a rifled bullet. Indeed, it is difficult to think of anything which he did not describe or invent. Unfortunately, many of his inventions were lost. One reason was that da Vinci himself was never satisfied with less than perfection and was always destroying plans and models which did not reach this standard. Another was that those who came into possession of his brilliant scientific treatises looked upon them as the eccentricities of an artistic genius and took no care of them. They were never studied, but scattered piecemeal through the libraries of Europe.

#### POET AND PAINTER.

Da Vinci was a considerable writer of fine poetry and prose, but possibly it was only as a painter that he attained the perfection which satisfied him.

Nevertheless the fact remains that in all the many other branches of human learning which he studied da Vinci was far ahead of his contemporaries. If he had never painted, he would be remembered as a great mathematician, mechanic and engineer. If he had left untouched mechanics, he would be remembered as a pioneer physiologist and student of anatomy. No history of aeronautics is complete without his contributions.

The many-sidedness of Leonardo da Vinci was not accidental. It was not chance that led the painter of Mona Lisa to become one of the founders of modern experimental science. Da Vinci sought perfection in his painting, and this led him to the scientific study of the human body and its surroundings, eventually giving him the thirst for knowledge for its own sake that led to the formulation of mathematical and scientific laws.

If, outside painting, Leonardo da Vinci failed in the sense that he did not revolutionise the world, it was he who set out alone to conquer a dozen worlds which have, in fact, only been conquered recently by the many labours of many men through two centuries.



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was a close-up of a comb.



# BUCK RYAN

THE CATCH WAS GOOD, BOYS. HERE'S YOUR SHARE OF THE PROFIT. THERE IS ALSO A GOLD COIN APIECE—WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE BRITISH NAVAL INTELLIGENCE. STOW IT AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY AND JUST FORGET THAT SUBMARINE INCIDENT.



IT IS ALREADY FORGOTTEN, JEAN.

THIS IS MY PET RESTAURANT, RYAN. HOW'S THE APPETITE?



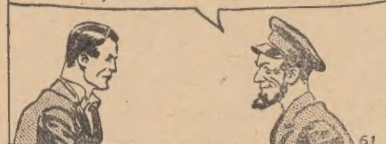
O.K... I WANT TO SEE WHAT THE PRESS HAS TO SAY ABOUT MY AFFAIR AT THE S.S. H.Q.

THERE'S NO MENTION OF IT—BUT I SEE THAT THE REWARD, OFFERED FOR YOUR CAPTURE, IS INCREASED TO 5,000 FRANCS.



H'M 1,000 WAS A BIT MEAN... I WONDER WHY THERE'S NO REPORT ON THE KILLING OF THOSE TWO S.S. MEN?

LOGIC, RYAN! OSTENSIBLY CORSICA IS OLD MUSSOLINI'S PRIZE. SO THE ISLAND COMES UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE QUESTURA CENTRALE DI MILANO (ROYAL POLICE H.Q. OF MILAN) BUT THEIR NAZI OVERLORDS HAVE INSTALLED AN S.S. H.Q. IN AJACCIO TO SEE THAT THE QUESTURA DO THEIR JOB PROPERLY. TO PUBLICISE THE FACT THAT TWO S.S. MEN WERE KILLED, IN THEIR OWN DEN, WOULD SUGGEST INCOMPETENCE!



A PRESENT FOR YOU, CHÉRIE! NOW TELL US WHAT'S COOKING OFF THE MENU.



WE CAN ONLY SERVE WHAT WE ARE RATIONED, M'SIEUR JEAN.

DON'T KID YOUR UNCLE JEAN!

IT IS FEGATO ALLA VENEZIANA. I COOKED IT—AND IT IS JUST SO!



BIEN! A FLASK OF SARI D'ORCINO TOO, MY PET.

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR FRIEND BEFORE. IS HE A STRANGER TO THESE PARTS?



EVEN THOSE ROVING EYES OF YOURS ARE APT TO MISS SOMETHING WHEN THEY FLIRT SO MUCH!

I'M NOT A FLIRT, M'SIEUR JEAN! MY EYES ARE FOR YOU, ALONE—



SAUCY COQUETTE! YOUR CURIOSITY IS IN KEEPING WITH YOUR EYES. VERY WELL—IF YOU MUST KNOW—HE IS MY NEW SHIP'S ENGINEER!

MY FRIEND JOINED ME LAST NIGHT. WE WERE HONOURED TO HAVE AN S.S. MAN TO SEE HIM ABOARD.



AH OUI!

MY LAST REMARK WAS FOR THE EARS OF THAT EAVESDROPPING ITALIAN CARABINIER, RYAN. SEE HIM GO? THE S.S. MEN ARE A BAD SMELL TO THE CARABINIERI.



HE TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT ME, JEAN BEFORE HE LEFT.

BY THE WAY, YOU SPOKE ABOUT A SEA-PLANE BASE WHEN WE WERE ABOARD H.M.S. NIXY. CAN YOU GIVE ME MORE DETAILS?



SO YOU ARE THINKING IN TERMS OF SABOTAGE! FIRST—ARE YOU A GOOD DISTANCE SWIMMER?

Leaving Jean, Ryan purchases some toy balloons and later, we see him once more with our French Agent, M. André Moquet, the dentist.

THIS IS A NEW ONE ON ME, RYAN!



THE TOY BALLOON IS A FAVOURITE FIRE-WEAPON OF SABOTEURS, M'SIEUR MOQUET. DELAYED ACTION!

NO, I INSIST ON DOING THIS JOB ALONE, M'SIEUR MOQUET. THERE'S NO-ONE TO REPLACE YOU—SHOULD YOU BE CAUGHT. AU REVOIR!

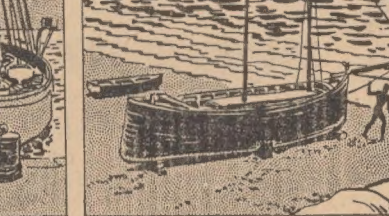


AU REVOIR AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU, RYAN.

Ryan strolls along the water front until he reaches the pre-selected spot, planned by Jean.



Here he removes his clothes, hides them under a boat and enters the water. The incendiary balloons are tucked in the waist of his pants.



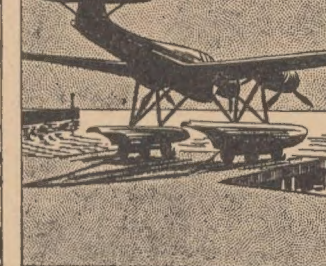
Ahead of him is his objective. Somewhere in that silhouette is the entrance—only accessible by sea—to a large cave; an Italian base.



GOOD JOB THE WATER IS WARM—OTHERWISE I'D GET CRAMP OVER THIS DISTANCE.



As he passes the sea-plane slip-way Ryan swims, mostly, under water...



A brief rest alongside a buoy—then on again, refreshed...



GOSH, MUSSO'S FOUND QUITE A PLACE FOR HIS FLOAT-KITES!



The moon reflects her light from the sea to the calcified formations inside the huge cave and Ryan is able to pick his way between the moored sea-planes.



IF I CAN SET FIRE TO EVERY OTHER ONE, IT'LL DO THE TRICK.



THEY LOOK LIKE TORPEDO-CARRYING RECONNAISSANCE KITES! NOW, WHERE'S THE PETROL TANK BUNG-HOLE?



WELL—THAT'S THE LOT!



BY THE TIME I GET BACK TO MY STARTING PLACE, THOSE DELAYED-ACTION INCENDIARIES WILL JUST BE AT THE END OF THEIR DELAY. I HOPE.

## Leaders get swollen heads

By T. S. DOUGLAS

HAVE the heads of Mr. Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill get bigger as the result of the intense mental activity in which they have been recently engaged? Scientists deny that there is any need for the head to increase in size because of intense mental activity, but the fact remains that the heads of a number of famous men have "swollen" after years of intense work.



The case of W. E. Gladstone is often quoted. His head increased by one inch in circumference during his period of office.

Photographs of Mr. Lloyd George taken before he became Premier and after the Great War seem to show a clear increase in size.

Not long before the war the story came from Germany that Hitler required a cap one size larger than when he first became Chancellor. It may be true. On the other hand, it may simply have been Dr. Goebbels cashing in on a popular idea!

### THE HEAD GROWS ON.

A curious fact is not only that the head often seems to go on increasing in size when the rest of the body has stopped, but that the average size of heads has increased during the last fifty years.

Hatters have found that whereas fifty years ago the most popular hat size was 6½, to-day it is 6½.

There is, however, another possible explanation of this change. Our grandfathers wore their hats higher on their heads. This is what gave them such a "quaint" appearance in old photographs. To-day, hats are more often crammed well down on the head, encircling it at its widest point.

A remarkable case of a "swelling head" is that of Sir Flinders Petrie, the famous archaeologist and Egyptologist. His head grew by over ½ in. every ten years, and after the age of sixty, when he was wearing a 7½ size hat, his headwear had to be specially made for him. At twenty-one he wore a small hat—a mere 6½.

There are a number of famous men who need very large hats. They include Mr. Churchill, who, even if his head has not grown in recent years, takes 7½, and Bing Crosby, who needs a 7½. Heads larger than this are rare, but David Hume, the philosopher, if he lived to-day, would require an 8½.

Against the theory of big heads for brains, it is possible to quote equally numerous instances of small heads containing much grey matter.

Abraham Lincoln and King George V. to quote only two famous leaders, both had small heads, and I daresay a complete census of the famous men of to-day would show that the sizes of their heads varied very much as those of the rest of the population.

### SIZE PROVES NOTHING.

The fact is that the size of the head is no indication of the size of the brain inside it, any more than, as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, the size of a safe tells how much money there is in it. The average man's brain weighs 48 ounces. The average woman's brain four ounces less. It is literally true that men have more brains than women, but psychologists have been quite unable to show that they make better use of them!

The proportion of the brain devoted to creative thinking and even memory in the ordinary sense is quite small. Sir Arthur Keith has measured thousands of skulls, ancient and modern, and although he has found many interesting changes in the shape of the head of the average Briton through the centuries, he has found little change in the size of his brains.

He says that anyone could double the activity of his brain without requiring any increase in the size of the skull to contain it. It will probably be centuries before man's thinking becomes so great that his skull will be unable to allow his brain to function fully.

Examination of thousands of brains does not even show that brain power is related to the size of the brain, much less that of the head. Between normal limits, genius may be found equally in the small brain as the large one.

Walt Whitman, the poet, had one of the smallest brains ever measured. Turgenev, the Russian writer, had a brain weighing twice the normal, but no one has ever suggested he was twice as clever as Shakespeare!

With brains, as with heads, it is quality and not quantity that matters. A famous physiologist once said that the difference between genius and imbecility was a few grains of iodine. So whether you wear a big hat or a small one is little indication whether you are stupid or clever.

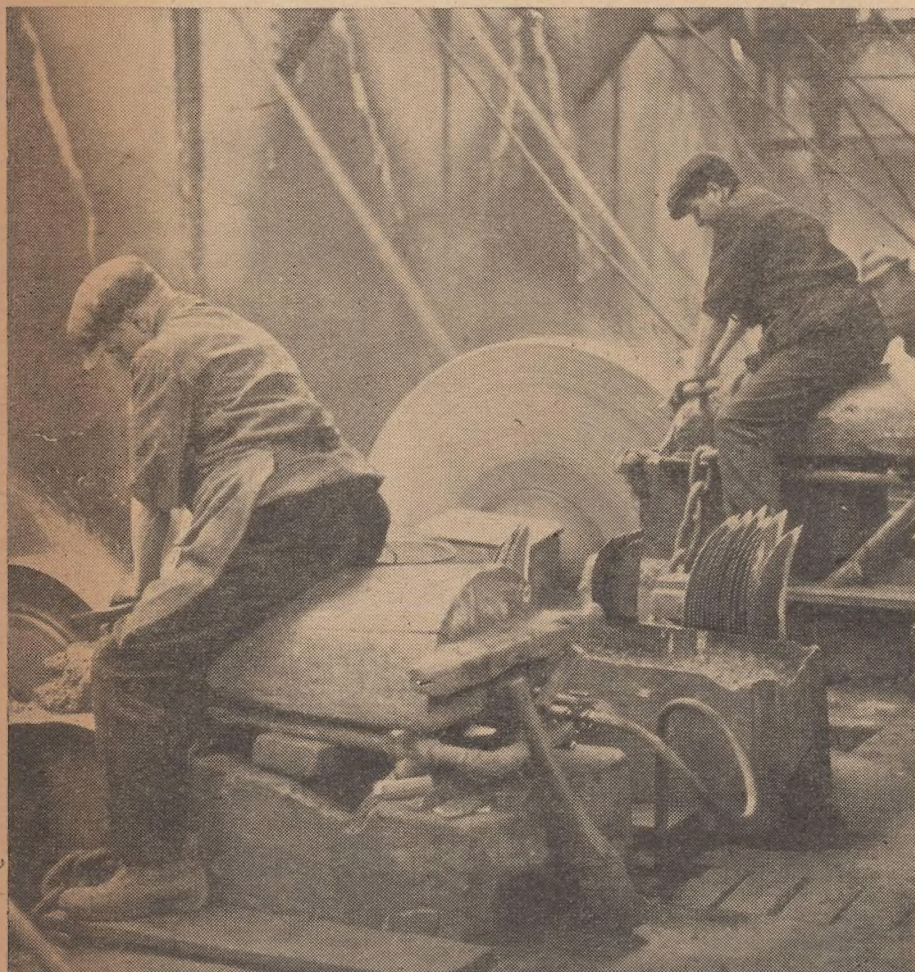


**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

# The makers of the scythes

By  
D. N. K. BAGNALL



Grinders seated on wooden horses to bring their full weight to bear on the grindstone.

NO longer do the sturdy village men move in long lines across the knee-deep meadow, leaving the swathes of cut hay behind them, in the sunlight of an autumn morning. But the scythe still holds a place in the countryside. It is used to make a way for the reaping machine into the field which is to be mown; it is still wielded along the road fringes or along the sides of the fields. Where the machine cannot go, the hands and arms of the countryman still swing the long blade with rhythmic movement.

And as long as scythes are used, the ancient art of the scythe maker continues. Scythes made by British men have long been recognised as the best in the world. Before the war they went to Europe, America, to the Northern countries, to Ireland—to wherever men wanted the best-made tools.

In a little Worcestershire village the ageless craft goes on. Arthur Moore is but one of the men who have spent a lifetime in the industry. In the quaint old building where water-wheels drive the simple machinery, he has seen thousands of scythe blades made, and has fashioned many of them himself.

A champion scytheman explains how the scythe is used. "Using a scythe is something like riding a horse. You must keep the heels down and the toes up when riding, and when using a scythe you must keep the heel, that is the end of the blade nearest the sneath, down, and the toe, that is the point, up.

"You should stand in an easy position . . . avoid too much stooping, and swing easily, carrying right through after cutting."

It sounds easy, but it takes constant practice to swing a scythe in the proper manner so as to avoid digging the point into the ground or prevent it cutting the grass or corn too high.

But to watch expert scythemen at work is like listening to a fine melody. It is music which is too infrequent, now.



Heating the piece of steel in the forge so that it can be beaten into shape.

Scythe blades of all shapes and sizes.



Making sure the blade is well shaped.



Seventy-year old Arthur Moore with two of his longest scythe-blades.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I will refrain from a cutting comment."

